(Lothrop) 54

1873.

Roxbury, May 19, ~~1881~~

Dear Mrs. Chapman:

Your tenderly written letter, announcing the sudden decease of your beloved brother Warren, awakens in my heart all those sympathetic feelings which my regard for him, my strong friendship for you, and the sharp bereavement itself naturally inspire. If it were in my power to send some comforting words to his sorrowing family, and to all the members of your stricken home circle at Weymouth, I would gladly do so; but in every such event "the heart knoweth its own bitterness" and it is well to remember that

"With silence only as their benediction
God's angels come

Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,
The soul sits dumb,
* Yet would I say, what thy own heart approveth:
Our Father's will,
Calling to Him the dear one whom He loveth,
Is mercy still.
* Not upon thee or thine the solemn angel
Hath evil wrought:
His funeral anthem is a glad evangel—
The good die not."

The tributes paid to the character and memory of your brother, at the funeral, by Dr. Bellows, was equally just, beautiful, and comprehensive. The universe cannot afford the extinction of such a soul, with all its faculties and powers unimpaired. Under new conditions, with a finer habitation, it must have scope for a boundless activity and an indefinite development.

* Line omitted between verses in original.

For myself, the nearer I approach my mortal end, the stronger is my hold (if possible) of the future life, and the more thankful I ~~am~~ become for such a provision. The removal of our loved ones, however afflicting to us, cannot be damaging to them; for what is a natural event must be for good, and not for evil. "To the survivor dies," says Dr. Young in his "Night Thoughts;" and, certainly, the tears of distress are shed, and the pangs of separation are felt by the living, not by the dead, who, nevertheless, are not dead, but translated.

Next to your brother's wife, your aged mother must feel the heaviness of this stroke; but its severity will be

mitigated by the thought that, according to the law of mortality, the time is comparatively short ere she will have the privilege of embracing him, and receiving his loving regards, and again associating with the dear ones who have gone before, under circumstances full of joy and thanksgiving. Greatly do I venerate her for her motherly character, as well as for her advanced years. My dear wife unites her tenderest sympathies with mine, and most affectionate regards to You all as a family. How much I admire and esteem You, my true and steadfast friend, for your noble qualities of head and

heart, and for the service rendered by you to the Anti-Slavery cause, I have never been able to express. And my regard for Your Sister is of a nature not known to mere kinship, being born "not of the flesh, but of the spirit." I am longing to see You all, and would lose no time in going to Weymouth; but I have been crippled for the past two months either by a sprain of the right knee or a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism — I know not which.

Unchangeably yours,
Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

P.S. Give my sympathies and kindest remembrances to Hervey. I hope he is improving in his health. — The note enclosed by you from dear, noble Harriet Martineau will be kept by my children as a precious souvenir

Copy of a letter written
by
Mrs. Maria Weston Chapman.
1873 Weymouth (?)